

# Free men's Champion.

Volume I--Number 9.

PRAIRIE CITY, KANZAS, THURSDAY, AUG. 27, 1857.

Terms--\$2 Per Annum.

## The Freeman's Champion

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT  
PRAIRIE CITY, KANZAS,  
By S. S. PROUTY.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:**  
One copy one year, \$2 00  
Fifteen copies one year, 20 00  
\*Payment required in all cases in advance. All papers discontinued at the time for which payment is received.

**TERMS OF ADVERTISING:**  
First insertion, per line, 10 cts.  
Each subsequent insertion, per line, 5 cts.

\*Advance payment will be required for Advertisements from a distance.

\*Moneys, properly registered with postmasters, may be forwarded by mail at our risk.

Two Dollars Per Year in Advance.

Such are the terms to be found at the head of almost every Weekly Paper in the country; but we fear few have sufficient regard for the real meaning and import of it. Let us examine, then, and see if we cannot discover in this fact, at least one great secret connected with the success or failure of so many who have embarked in the business of publishing a newspaper.

"Two Dollars a year in advance?" "Oh no," says one man, "I can never consent to pay for a thing before I get it. I am willing to subscribe, and hope you will get along successfully; but I can't pay in advance--don't like the principle." The publisher is induced to take his name, because he wishes to swell his list of patrons; and considering the position of the man, feels that he can almost afford to give him a paper, rather than not secure his influence. So the publisher might go to every man from whom he would reasonably expect a ready dollar or two, only to be repulsed with "I never subscribe for a paper and pay in advance."

The Office has been bought and located; in the purchase of the material he has perhaps given all the ready money he possessed, but still this was insufficient to furnish all the requisites, and for the balance he gives "Six months from date I promise to pay," etc. Publication day arrives, and his paper "comes out" looking finely, and calls forth many such remarks as these: "Capital Paper;" "Guess he'll do first rate;" "Appears like a capital fellow," etc., etc. Thus it passes on until after a few weeks they consider only that on such a day "The Weekly Intelligencer" will make its appearance. Everybody, at first, wishes to subscribe for the paper, and everybody hoped he would do well; but nobody is willing to pay Two Dollars a Year, in advance.

Fortune, 'tis said, favors the brave; and so our aspirant for Newspaper honors, by sacrifices or credit, is enabled for a time to send out his little sheet on its errand of instruction and usefulness. Six months have now elapsed, and the poor man finds himself with only one ream of paper when he should have two--no money, when he should have at least some--no credit--and to crown all, just at this particular time in pops one of those little slips which reads "I promise to pay," and altogether makes upon his mind a decided impression: "What's to be done? Aye, that's the question. What is to be done?" Publication day arrives, and only a half-sheet takes the place of the "Capital Paper" which six months before was so liberally subscribed for by his friends, who hoped he would succeed! As a leading article you will find something after this sort:

**AROLECK.**--Owing to some unaccountable delay in getting our regular supply of paper, we are this week obliged to issue only half a sheet. We trust such a necessity will not arise again, it being as unpleasant to ourselves as it is unacceptable to our readers.

Trace the column down and you will find the true secret, embodied in a polite but urgent request for delinquents to send in the amount of their subscriptions, to enable the publisher to meet the current expenses of his paper. But alas! no one chooses to see the point of the thing, and many, after carelessly reading it over, wonder that a paper cannot be furnished without dunning its subscribers before the year is out. A few months more of "lingering torment," and the paper "goes up," leaving its publisher burdened with any quantity of small bills, which he is utterly unable to pay; while his subscription book is well filled with the names of good men who "took the paper," but who never pay for such a thing in advance. Some of them will doubtless congratulate themselves upon their good luck in not paying when they subscribed,

as in that case they would now be losers to the amount of a half-year's subscription. Silly mortals! you never stop to think that your system has been the means of involving a worthy man in debt, and at the same time depriving yourselves of what might have been a real benefit to you. Had every subscriber paid his two dollars a year in advance, the printer would have had capital upon which to work, and you would by the same means have ensured yourself against loss.

Equally injurious and fatal to the success of any Newspaper is the plan adopted by some publishers, viz--One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance, or Two Dollars at the end of the year. The same objection we have raised against the other system may be presented against this. If either plan has its preferences, we should most certainly award them to the first; for by that delay is offered--while by the last no payment can be expected before the expiration of the year, except at the option of the subscriber. Suppose the year has terminated and then the Printer makes an effort to collect in the various amounts outstanding. Within his own sphere this may easily be done, perhaps; but outside of it he must be under the necessity of sending or appointing an agent to do the business for him--who, after a few week's trial, reports that Mr. A. has gone to California--Mr. B. is dead--Mr. C. has moved to parts unknown; and when he comes to sum up, he finds that out of three hundred papers sent abroad, two hundred have been to people from whom he will never realize one cent.

Not alone do the remarks above apply to subscription, but all departments of labor connected with, and all benefits issuing from the hands of the printer.

In advertising, there are many reasons why a cash system should be strictly adhered to, but we will only give two of the most prominent.

First--The publisher looks to the Advertising patronage mainly for his support and profit. No County Paper can maintain itself solely upon the small amount of money raised by its subscriptions, for in very many cases the price got for the printed sheet is not equal to the cost of the paper as it comes from the mill. It must then follow that unless the publisher has a surplus of Cash capital, on which to rely during the time of publication, this must be rendered not a business of profit, but of loss.

Second--The advertiser should pay on the first insertion, from the fact, that the moment the advertisement issues from the office, that moment it becomes of value to the subscriber. Why, then, should the Printer be asked to benefit others at his own expense?

Finally, everything requires it; for carrying on the Printing business demands Cash, and upon the same principle, those who do business with the printer, should pay him Cash to enable him to sustain his paper upon a responsible basis. The Office must be paid for--paper must be bought--help must be obtained and paid for--and yet subscribers in too many instances expect to have a paper furnished them for fifty-two weeks in succession before they, on their part, are expected to give anything in return.

The only remedy for all these faults of which we have spoken above, seems to us to be this:--the adoption of an invariable rule of Payment in Advance.

**BE FRANK AND DETERMINED.**--Never affect to be other than what you are--either richer, or wiser, or braver. Learn to say, "I don't know," and "I cannot afford it," with most sonorous distinctness and emphasis. Men will then believe you, when you say "I do know," and "I can afford it." Never be ashamed to pass for just what you are, and try to be as worthy as possible. Once establish yourself and your mode of life as what they truly are, and you are on solid ground. Man is already of consequence in the world, when it is known that we can implicitly rely on him--that when he says he knows a thing, he knows it; and when he says he will do a thing, he will do it. Such a reputation will give a man more real enjoyment, and is of far greater value to him, than all the results which display and pretension can compass.

**Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?**

"Certainly, anything is a means of grace that leads us to repentance." Scene closes with a broom-stick.

## Runaway Match.

A great many years since, when bright-eyed and fair haired lasses were not so plentiful in New England as they are now, there dwelt in the town of P---, a pretty village, distant some twenty-five miles from the market town, a peculiarly ugly and cross grained, but wealthy farmer.

Minnie was Danforth's only child, and report said, truly that she would be his sole legatee. The old man was a sturdy farmer, and was estimated to be worth full ten thousand dollars; at that period a very handsome fortune to be sure.

The sparkling eyes and winning manners of Minnie Danforth had stirred up the finer feelings of the whole male portion of the village, and her father was peculiar, and none succeeded in making headway with him or her.

In the meantime, Minnie had a true and loyal lover in secret! Who would have supposed for one moment that such a fellow would dare to look on beauty and comparative refinement? His name was Walker; or as he was generally called, Joe Walker; and was simply a farmer, employed by old Danforth, who had entrusted Joe with the management of his place two or three years.

But a very excellent farmer and a right good manager, was this Joe Walker. He was young--only twenty-three, and he actually fell in love with this beautiful, pleasant, joyous Minnie Danforth, his employer's daughter. But the strangest part of the occurrence was that Minnie returned his love earnestly, truly and frankly, and promised to wed him at a favorable time.

Things went on merrily for a time, but old Danforth discovered certain glances and attentions between them which excited his envy and suspicions. Very soon afterwards Joe learned the old man's mind directly, in regard to the future disposal of Minnie's hand, and he quickly saw his case was a hopeless one unless he resorted to a stratagem, so he sat his wits at once to work. By agreement, an apparently settled dislike and coldness was observed by the lovers towards each other for five or six months; and the father saw, as he believed, with satisfaction that his previous fears had been premature.

Then by agreement also between them Joe absented himself from home at evening, and night after night, for full three months longer did Joe disappear as soon as his work was finished, to return home only at late bed time. This was unusual and Old Danforth determined to know the cause of it.

Joe frankly confessed that he was in love with a man's daughter, who resided less than three miles distant, but after a faithful attachment between them for several months, the old man had utterly refused his application for the young girl's hand.

This was capital--just what the old man desired. This satisfied him that he had made a mistake in regard to his own child; and he would help Joe get married and thus stop all further trouble or suspicion at home. So he said:

"Do you like her?"  
"Yes, sir--yes."  
"Then marry her."  
"But I can't, her father objects."  
"Poh! let him do so, what need you care? Run away with her!"

"Elope!"  
"Yes! Off with her at once. If the gal will join you, all right, marry her, bring her here, you shall have the cottage at the foot of the hill; I'll furnish it for you, wages shall be increased; and the old man may like it or not."

"But no buts, Joe. Do as I bid you--go about it at once; and--"

"You will stand by me?"

"Yes to the last. I know you, Joe, you're a good fellow and a good workman, and will make anybody a good son or husband."

"The old fellow will be so mad though!"

"Who cares? Go now quickly, but quietly."

"To-morrow night then," said Joe.

"Yes."

"I'll hire Clover's horses?"

"No you shan't."

"Why not?"

"Take my horse--the best one, young Morgan; he'll take you off in fine style in the new phaeton."

"The old gentleman will be astonished."

"Never mind; go on. We'll turn the laugh on him. I'll take care of your wife at any rate."

"I'll do it," said Joe.

"You shall," said Danforth; and they parted in good spirits.

An hour after dark, on the following evening Joe made his appearance, dressed in a black suit, and really looked very comely. The old man bustled out to the barn with him, helping to harness young Morgan to his new phaeton.

A few rods from the house, he found Minnie, as by previous arrangement, and repaired to the next village; the parson very quickly made them one in holy wedlock. Joe took his bride and soon dashed back to the town of P---, and halted at old Danforth's house, who was really looking for him with open arms.

"Is it done?" cried the old gentleman.

"Yes!" answered Joe.

"Bring her in," continued the old fellow in high glee, "never mind compliments here," and the honest farmer rushed away for lights and returned almost immediately.

"Here's the certificate, sir," said Joe.

"Yes, yes--"

"And this is my wife," he added as he passed to his beautiful bride--the bewitching and lovely Minnie Danforth.

"What," roared the old fellow, "what did you say? Joe--you villain; you scamp, you audacious cheat, you--you--"

"It is true, sir, we are lawfully married; you advised me in this course, you assisted me, you planned the whole affair; you lent me a horse; you thought me last night worthy of any man's child; you encouraged me, you promised to stand by me; you offered the cottage at the foot of the hill, you--"

"I didn't, I deny it. You can't prove it; you're a--"

"Calmly now, sir," said Joe. And the entreaties of the happy couple were at once united to quell the old man's ire, and to persuade him to acknowledge the union.

He gave in reluctantly; and the fair Minnie Danforth was overjoyed to be duly acknowledged Mrs. Joe Walker.

## Sweeter Far in Heaven.

It was evening--bright star-kissed evening. We were seated alone at the piano, breathing a song of beauty and of joy; and as our fingers glided lightly up the silver-keyed octaves, and music, "the soul of beauty," gushed forth responsive to our touch, it seemed that nowhere in this glad earth could there be hearts beating heavily, so light and joyous were our own. The last echo had died away in the distance, and turning from the instrument, our eyes rested upon the silvered locks and bending form of one, whose countenance bespoke a pure and noble heart. We had never met before, but he whispered softly, while a smile of beauty wreathed his colorless lips:--"Young maiden, 'twill be sweeter far in Heaven." O, how those few simple words changed the current of our thoughts; and when, in words of willing eloquence, he spoke of the comforts of our holy religion, and urged us to consecrate our life, our talents, our all, to the service of our Maker, we too, might know the source of joy; if, like him, we too, might see unfolding, before our spirit's vision, the glories of the Celestial City.

Weeks fled, and that old man, wearied of earth, folded his thin arms and went to sleep. They laid him to rest, away in the church-yard; but we knew that there was but the casket--that the spirit no longer fettered, was basking in the sunlight of the Savior's smile; and his voice, no longer tremulous, mingled in the anthems of the "just made perfect." Yes, gifted one, the Autumn winds are sighing mournfully around thy tomb, and faded leaves, typical of life, are scattered o'er thy pulseless heart; yet thy influence cannot die. The hearts won by thee from paths of sin, are weaving garlands of affectionate gratitude to twine around thy memory; and when at twilight hour we breathe a song of the "olden time," beautiful, indeed, through the vista of the past, comes the remembrance of those joy inspiring words:--"Twill be sweeter far in Heaven!"

A young lady became so much dissatisfied with a person to whom she was engaged to be married, that she dismissed him. In revenge, he threatened to publish her letters to him. "Very well," replied the lady. "I have no reason to be ashamed of any part of my letters, except the address."

## Laughter.

Speaking of laughter; when a woman's laugh is musical, it is the sweetest thing in the world; when heard, the warble of birds and brooks, and the tinkle of harps are untended.

It is an accomplishment that cannot be learned--the art of laughing well; a gift of Nature, bestowed upon her favorites.

Somebody confesses to having been fascinated by one of the fairest faces the sun ever kissed a blush on, and a pair of eyes that almost "took the breath." For a long time, he played the poor Publican and worshipped her afar off, when one day, that he immediately indicated in his calendar with a "white mark," he succeeded in getting within two chairs of her at dinner. His soul lay at the threshold of one of his ears, to hear what should first fall from those divine lips. Blessed would those words be, and remembered forever! He had not long to wait, for the words came, and all too soon for romance. And what in the name of Webster's Unabridged, do you suppose they were? "By jingo!" His castle in the air came down by the turret, and the angle that swore "by jingo," dwelt in nothing of his building.

The owner of one of the sweetest faces we ever saw, whose lips, it seemed to us, should always part in music, as Memnon's did at sunrise, had a laugh, like the rattling of unannounced machinery. It was much as if a distant saw-mill should pause in its riving of trees, and fall laughing with the sort of mouth that such a set of teeth would be likely to fill. And she was always laughing, and as she was wont, innocently to say, "it hurt her to laugh." Every body sympathized with her, for it hurt every body to hear her.

There is a world of character in the laugh; a quality that shows, as it were, the grain of the soul, whether it be of coarse or delicate texture. "Leather Stocking's" quiet, inly, and yet hearty merriment, it does one good to see; it is the sort of laugh to be enjoyed. Some people keep their hearts so tucked away out of all sight and hearing, that laughter explodes above them, much as a ship's gun at sea, above the groves of red coral, having nothing in the world to do with them at all.

A great, honest laugh from a great, honest man, is as pleasant to hear as the chiming of bells on a holiday, but deliver us from a titter. We do not wonder it serves as a name for one of the meanest weeds that grows. And there is a whole family of them--giggles, chuckles and gripes--in which plethoric water spouts, mean men and humorous hyenas indulge.

How much heartiness there is in the "ha ha" that wakens the echoes; how the jolly huntsman's "ho ho" rings through the good, green wood; "he he" is a roguish explosion, and "hu hu" winds up that great diapason of a laugh we sometimes hear, when a pair of strong lungs goes through the merry gamut with a "ha ha--ho ho--hu hu," until the five vocals and the breath are exhausted together.

An honest, human laugh is always made of the very best material--pure vowels. When you hear a man who laughs consonants, look out for him; who ejects a series of s's at you, between the sharp edges of his teeth.

When a man laughs, he always laughs in English, no matter what dialect of Babel his mother may have taught him.

**WHAT PRAYER IS.**--It is not, as we learn from the success of Jacob's prayer, the place that gives efficacy to the prayer, but the prayer that makes the place holy. It is not the oratory, as it has been alleged by some, that makes prayer, but prayer that makes oratory--in a coalpit, or with the Alpine herdsman, or upon the deck of a ship tossed by the gale, or on the eve of battle. The heart alone makes prayer, and prayer makes holy any place, and builds the oratory, and consecrates anywhere a church a true church of the Lord Jesus Christ. Bowed knee and beautiful words cannot make prayer; but earnest desires from a heart bowed by love, inspired by God's Holy Spirit, and thirsting for God--the living God--will do it anywhere, or in any place, at any time.

**A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.**--Some one has said of those who die young, that they are like the lambs which the Alpine shepherds bear in their arms to higher, greener pastures, that the flocks may follow.

## Look out for the Women.

Young men! keep your eye peeled when you are after women. If you bite at the naked hook you are green. Is a pretty dress or form so attractive? or a pretty face even? Flounces, boys, are of no sort of consequence. A pretty face grows old. Paint will wash off and the sweet smile of the flirt will give way to the scowl of the termagant; the neat form will be pitched into dirty calico. Another and a far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiled sweet smiles and ate your sugar candy.

Keep your eye peeled boy, when you are after the women. If the little dear is cross and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure that you will get particular fits all round the house. If she blushes when found at the wash tub with sleeves rolled up, be sure, sir, that she is of the cod-fish aristocracy; little breeding, and less sense. If you marry a girl who knows nothing but to commit woman slaughter upon the piano, you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up. Find the one whose mind is right, and then pitch in. Don't be banging round like a sheep thief, as though ashamed to be seen in the day time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough and ask for the article like a man.

## The Kaws at Washington.

The head men of the Kaw Indians are on a visit to Washington. They have had an interview with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and have represented that they have no desire to sell out their land. They represented that the missionaries had been among them for twenty years, and yet there were no educated Indians; that the boys are kept at work, and that produce worth two thousand dollars, raised by them, is kept by missionaries; that the missionary had become a clerk for a trader, and was doing all he could against the Indians; that the traders have laid out a town on their lands; that their blacksmith is a poor workman, and their agent and all the officers bad men, and they desire their removal; that the whites are cutting off their timber and doing them harm generally. As far as our acquaintance has gone with this tribe, they are great liars, and are of little account generally; but we have no doubt they have just cause of complaint against the traders, Indian agents and missionaries.---Herald of Freedom.

**LETTER OF DR. FRANKLIN.**--The following letter of Dr. Franklin is said to be indited. The ingenious manner in which he makes commencement of his letter conveying the temporary impression that he lent with parsimonious reluctance, is imitable:

"APRIL 22, 1784.

I send you a bill for ten *Louis D'ors*. I do not pretend to give such a sum. I only lend it to you. When you shall return to your country you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time, enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him; enjoining him to discharge his debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave to stop its progress.---This is a trick of mine for doing a great deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and am obliged to be cunning, and make the most of a little. B. F."

**An ultra orthodox Yankee expresses himself as follows, concerning eternity:**

Eternity! why, don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I either, hardly. It is forever and ever and five or six everlasting's 'top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sun set, and cipher them up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is.---Why, my friend, after millions and trillions of years have passed away in the morning of eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to break fast time.

**It is generally admitted that the Irish are most famous for making bulls, but the Dutch can go ahead for making pigs. For instance:**

I've got a pig cat, I've got a pig dog, I've got a pig calf, and I've got a pig hog. I've got a pig pappy, so big and so tall, And I've got a pig wife that pigger as all.